The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1801.

DR. JOHNSTON.

DR. JOHNSTON, in the earlier part of his life, was on the terms of intimate friendſhip with Mrs. Brooke, the author of Julia Mandeville. &c. When that lady was about to accompany her huſband to Canada, the Doctor called a few days before her departure, to take his leave of her; on his introduction, he found her in the midſt of a large circle of friends, who were aſſembled for the ſame purpoſe; after a ſhort ſtay, he bade her adieu, and went down ſtairs. In a few minutes the ſervant came to inform his miſtreſs that ſhe was wanted in the parlour; Mrs. Brooke accordingly obeyed the ſummons, and to her great ſurpriſe ſaw the Dr. ſitting with much compoſure in an elbow chair: Madam, ſaid he, with his uſual ſolemnity, I did not chooſe to take ſo long a leave of ſo old a friend without given her a kiſs; and, as I did not think it proper to take this liberty before ſo many people, I ſent for you, that I might take a ſalute without our being liable to any impertinent obſervation. With great formality the Dr. ſaluted his female friend and departed.

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THE IMPERIAL DENTIST.

THE avidity of PETER the Great, Czar of Muſcovy to learn every thing uſeful, was often carried to the moſt ridiculous exceſs. Virtue itſelf has its ſtated limits, beyond which it ceaſes to be virtue. In the ſame manner PETER's wiſdom may in ſome ſort be ſaid to have frequently degenerated into weakneſs and folly. The following fact will illuſtrate and confirm this remark.

It happened that a French Dentiſt arrived at Peterſburg during the reign of this extraordinary ſavage, and obtained his permiſſion to draw the teeth of the poor *gratis* in the market place; which the quack performed with ſuch wonderful dexterity, that the Czar became his pupil.

After a very ſhort apprenticeſhip, the Czar thought himſelf ſufficiently inſtructed to act as a maſter tooth drawer, and immediately tried the experiment on ſome poor Ruſſians, who were very liberally rewarded for indulging the Czar's foible, though it coſt many a one the loſs of a jaw: the Czar was not content with relieving the pains of his meaneſt ſubjects, but even perſuaded many noblemen to permit him to operate on their teeth, when they had the tooth ach.

The young Count ROUSONMUSKY, ſon to the old Field Marſhal, had done ſomething to incur his Sovereign's diſpleaſure, and the Czar had vowed, if he came in his preſence, to cane him very ſeverely. As the Czar had killed ſeveral Ruſſians by puniſhing them in this manner, the old father of this young nobleman had ſent every where in the environs of the court, to warn his ſon from appearing before his enraged Sovereign; and the danger appeared ſo eminent, that a poſt chaiſe and ſix was provided to carry the young Count and his ſpouſe to their eſtates in Liefland, there to wait till the Czar had granted his pardon: very late in the evening the young count was found, and brought home to his father and ſpouſe, who jointly urged every reaſon to perſuade him to ſet off immediately in order to eſcape death. You are miſtaken, Sir, he replied, when you think my life in ſuch eminent jeopardy. I ſhall act quite contrary to what you deſire, and will go inſtantly to the Czar. I am perſuaded I ſhall eſcape with a ſmall puniſhment, for I know his weak ſide."

Accordingly he went to court, and as ſoon as the Czar ſaw him, he ran to get a large oaken plant that he kept for that purpoſe, and would undoubtedly have killed the young Count; but perceiving him to hold a handkercheif to his mouth, he aſked him the reaſon. I am in great agony with the tooth-ach. If that is the caſe, ſit down on my chair, and I'll ſoon relieve you. Accordingly the Count placed himſelf, and the Czar, having his apparatus at hand, drew a ſound tooth, which the Count pretended was the cauſe of his pain. He totally forgot his anger, on the Count's acknowledging in how maſterly a manner he had extracted the tooth. He was immediately re-eſtabliſhed in his ſovereign's favour, to the

infinite ſatisfaction of the old father and of his ſpouſe, who had given him up for dead.

History of Jack Smith.

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'Strike!' interrupted Smith. The other anſwered, 'Silence, young man, or I'll ſoon ſhew you who is commander of this veſſel.' Smith refrained; the other proceeded, 'We muſt ſtrike immediately, ſink with our veſſel, or gain the victory. If we once engage, no mercy is to be hoped for; if we cowardly yield without a blow, we are ſtill worſe off, we ſhall be ſlaves for life; therefore let every man who loves his freedom more than an infamous wretched being, determine with me to die or conquer; for though they may ſink, by the bleſſing of God they ſhall never take me." As he concluded, he drew his ſword; every man did the ſame; our hero, agreeably ſurpriſed, exclaimed, 'Pardon me, brave Sir. You give the orders, and while I can wield this weapon, it ſhall obey you." The crew huzzaed, and, in a few minutes, the deck was cleared for action. The enemy ſeemed ſurpriſed at their reſiſtance, and repeatedly as they came up, ordered them to ſtrike, to which no anſwer was returned. The pirate then hoiſted a bloody flag, and bore down upon them. The Captain, who knew they would attempt to board as ſoon as they could grapple for that purpoſe, headed himſelf a party, with ſmall arms and cutlaſſes, to oppoſe them. Smith ſtood by his ſide, and the action ſoon began. The Captain of the pirate was a famous Mulatto, a tall gigantic figure, very conſpicuous upon the deck; impatient of delay, and conſcious of his own ſtrength, and that of his whole crew, which was compoſed of bold and hardy villains of all nations, he deſpiſed the uſe of his guns, and longed to ſignalize himſelf on the enemy's deck. The ſhips ſoon cloſed in defiance of every exertion, on the part of the Britiſh, to prevent it. The crew of both ſhips furiouſly engaged from the ſide of their veſſels; every man was employed to hinder the enemy's boarding, and the fire arms were ſoon exhauſted. As the ſmoke blew away, clearly might you perceive the images of death—the mangled limbs, the brains ſcattered on the maſts, and the gory torrent pouring from the ſides; the veil of horror was removed, the noiſe of the cannon had ceaſed, and the ſhouts of the aſſailants, and the groans of the wounded were plainly to be heard. The Captain fought oppoſite to the ſwarthy Mulatto, but the ardour of the engagement had urged Smith more to the right, where a ſpectacle, in the enemy's ſhip, ſtruck him with horror. He beheld a poor fellow naked to the waiſt, and tied to the main maſt; while his back ſhewed the ſtripes that had lately been inflicted. The inhuman cruelty of thus expoſing a man to an enemy's fire, who was unable to defend himſelf, forcibly ſtruck the honeſt mind of our youth, and, inſpired by that impetuous heroiſm which often marked his character, he ſprung upon the enemy's deck—inſtantly he ſmote with his ſword the cords that tied the helpleſs victim, but he had no time to repeat the blow; for, though the heat of the fight was at a little diſtance, ſome of the pirates inſtantly flew upon him, and overpowered with numbers, he was gently retreating, when the object of their cruelty having releaſed himſelf by the aſſiſtance he had received from Smith, came to his aid. The man had picked up a ſword upon the deck, and quickly ſhewed that cowardice had not been his fault. Gratitude for his deliverer, revenge towards the reſt animated his arm; naked as he was, he ſeconded by ſo able an aſſiſtant, no longer thought of retreating. They now ſucceſsfully maintained their ground; others ſoon joined them, and with this reinforcement they at length carried all before them. In the mean time, the brawny Mulatto had ſucceeded in his attack: the Captain had fallen before his blows, and an horrid ſlaughter of the diſmayed crew was about to commence, when the cries from his own ſhip—recalled his attention. As the briſtly lion deſcends from the cragged mountains, and raging through the green paſtures, ſeizes on the lordly bull, the prime of the herd; but if perchance he hears the voice of the keeper haſtening to deprive him of his prey, proſtrate he leaves the conquered, and, foaming with gore, turns to the combat. Not leſs indignant turned the human ſavage; enraged to have the victory conteſted in the moment of ſucceſs, with a dreadful fury he ſeeks the fight; on Smith he fixes his blood exulting eye, and, with the grin of determined vengeance, ſtalks towards him. Our hero not unmoved ſees his powerful antagoniſt approach, but reſolute he waits for him in his own ſhip. The fight is dreadful: with the utmoſt caution the young ſoldier withſtands the greedy veteran of blood, now avoiding, now parrying, and now returning the furious blows of the monſter. The vaſt ſtrength and agility of the tawny giant at laſt prevails, and a deep gaſh on the left ſide leaves our hero but ſmall hopes that he can much longer maintain the combat. The blood guſhes forth in a ſtream. The baſtard-black utters an hideous yell; it pierces to the heart of our hero; a heart ſupported by no weak ligaments—ſound as the tight-braced drum, it recoils not. Prudence and hope indeed forſake him; but courage and deſpair nerve his ſinking arm. No longer careful of defending himſelf, he thinks only of dying with his adverſary, his frame, for a moment, like the flaſh of the expiring torch, ſeems to poſſeſs a double vigour; his truſty ſword hails the lucky inſtant, and buries itſelf in the boſom of his ſable enemy. With a deep groan, backward the huge carcaſe tumbles,—exhauſted, without a ſigh, our hero falls upon him. The pirates fly, the Engliſh ſailors purſue.

While the combat thus raged between Smith and the Mulatto, his naked ſecond bravely maintained the fight with the Lieutenant of the other; but when victory hailed the proweſs of our youth, and the enemy fled, the man, whom he had reſcued, nobly gave his gratitude place before his revenge: eager he ſtooped down, and lifted his preſerver from the lifeleſs body of his late antagoniſt. Our hero's wounds bled violently; the other tore his ſhirt, which was ſtill tucked round his waiſt, and tried to ſtunch the blood. Smith, who was very weak, looked him full in the face as expreſſive of his thanks. 'God bleſs your honour,' ſaid the fellow, 'this is the ſecond time you have ſaved me: you made an honeſt man of me firſt, and I have found the good of it ever ſince.' Smith, faint as he was, at once recognized the county fellow who had robbed Wiſſle and Symms; and, as the man lifted him in his arms to carry him into his own ſhip, Smith ſhook him cordially by the hand. The battle was over and quite deciſive: the ſurvivors of the pirates were already having their handcuffs put on, and the ſurgeon and his aſſiſtants very buſy in dreſſing the wounded. Our hero's wounds were ſoon ſtaunched, his new friend carried him into his hammock, and the ſurgeon deſired he might be kept quiet. The Captain of the Engliſh veſſel was more ſeverely hurt; a deep cut on the knee had been the occaſion of his falling, and

his thigh, with great reſolution, he had taken off immediately after the battle.

Our hero, when a little recovered from the faintneſs which the loſs of blood had produced, clothed his new attendant from his own cheſt, and then enquired of him how he came into the hands of the pirates. He informed our hero that he had been, from the period when he firſt commenced ſailor, in the King's ſervice, and had, by following the good advice Mr. Smith gave him, acquitted himſelf with great credit in that ſtation; that having been ſent with ſome others on a cruize in a ſmall frigate, they had been ſurrounded by three large pirates: that his Captain and the other officers had been murdered, and the reſt of the crew divided among the different ſhips. Three had been placed in the one now taken; the other two men had joined in the engagement, but he himſelf had been flogged and tied to the maſt for refuſing to fight againſt a Britiſh veſſel. The Mulatto, with refined cruelty, had ſaid, 'He would give him his chance of the engagement; and if he ſurvived, he ſhould be whipped to death after it.'

Smith, in a few days, was ſufficiently recovered to be able to walk, and the Captain, who was ſtill confined by the dreadful operation he had undergone, deſired to ſpeak to him. As ſoon as our hero came into his cabin, he held out his hand, and ſaid, 'Let me thank you, Sir, for your gallant behaviour the other day, without which, I find, our ſucceſs would have been very doubtful indeed: I cannot ſay, I before conſidered you in ſo favourable a light. I am intimately acquainted with the commander of the land forces, and my good word ſhall not be wanting to ſatisfy him that he has not a braver officer in his whole ſervice.' Smith profeſſed himſelf greatly obliged for his kind intentions, and could have ſaid, that he had been equally miſtaken as to the other's courage, but he only added, that 'While the ſhip's company had their preſent commander, there was no danger of their being eaſily conquered.' The Captain next enquired concerning the Engliſh ſailor who had behaved ſo nobly, and ſaid, he ſhould come in for his ſhare of the prize. The pirate was very valuable; ſhe had taken many prizes, and particularly two ſmall Spaniſh veſſels loaded with bullion. From the Captain's cabbin our hero aſcended upon the deck, where the Lieutenant ordered the two other Engliſhmen, who were taken in the pirate. The crew welcomed our hero and the ſailor who came with him with three loud cheers, and the fellows were brought up; their ſulkineſs by this time was worn off, and they attempted to excuſe themſelves by the plea of being compelled. As Smith looked full in their faces, he thought one of them was not quite unknown; they both hung down their heads as if fearful of being diſcovered. He aſked them their names; they heſitated; 'I'm certain I remember one of your faces,' ſaid he, 'this man I mean.'

'I've been a raſcal long enough,' replied the other man; 'ſo I'll tell you all, and perhaps I may do you ſome good at laſt.' His companion ſaid not a word, and he proceeded: 'Your name, Sir, I think is Smith. We have been the two greateſt enemies you ever had, yet every thing has turned out for your good, and our utter ruin and confuſion. This is the man,' pointing to his comrade, 'through whoſe falſe accuſation you were ſo ill uſed at the fair, by which means the captain noticed you; and he himſelf was ducked and horſe-whipped. You may remember, ſir, that while he was robbing the officer the ſame evening, you road againſt him and his party, knocked down the other two, and followed him into an adjacent field, where you at laſt left him on the ground. As ſoon as you were gone, he got up, and lame as he was and much bruiſed, reached the London road, and was taken up by the firſt coach going to the metropolis. In London I met with him; we had been before acquainted together; we now ſet up an inferior gaming houſe, and carried on many pilfering ſchemes of that kind. I alſo had been at the fair, and meeting with ſome of my old pariſh, I had enquired what was become of you, and they had pointed you out to me—for my name is Smith. You have often heard of me I am ſure—I am the man who kept the public houſe at Pitford, where you were born. Myſelf and wife plundered your helpleſs mother immediately after her death, and my wife dreſſed her in an old gown of her own, that ſhe might deceive the pariſh officer, while I detained him with the brandy bottle. Your mother, Sir, was no poor woman—ſhe was going in the ſtage-coach from Briſtol to London; but taken ſuddenly ill, ſhe was ſet down at my door, and died a few hours after bringing you into the world. The valuables we found about the lady ſold for more than two thouſand pounds, and I am certain we were greatly cheated in the ſale. This great property proved the ruin of myſelf, my wife, and at that time, infant daughter. We left Pitford ſoon after, and gave ourſelves up to every ſpecies of idleneſs and debauchery, and the money was ſoon conſumed. In the mean time I had aſſociated with gameſters and black legs of all kinds, of whom my preſent partner is the chief; and I may thank him for the many wicked ſcenes into which I have been led. We had not ſet up the gaming-houſe in London, (which I mentioned) long, before we were blown upon, and decamped with all we could collect together. As we had a couple of hundred pounds, Lowther planned the ſcheme of carrying off a rich heireſs; the particulars of that, Sir, you muſt remember. Lowther was with the lady in the carriage, and I rode on before to get poſt-horſes ready. You reſcued the lady, but we returned, and finding our prey was eſcaped, we ſhould probably have murdered you, had not ſome travellers come to your aſſiſtance. Lowther knew you again the moment you came up to the carriage, and as you had ever been his evil genius, was determined to have deſtroyed you. When our comrade carried you into the cabin, we were having our fetters put on, we again remembered you; but when you ſpoke to us this morning, I was no longer in doubt. After your reſcue of the young lady, all our ſchemes had failed; and the officers of juſtice we knew were out after us, and we accordingly entered ourſelves on board a fleet which was going to the Cape. Once more you have prevailed againſt us, and tired as I am with a wicked, ill-ſpent, and miſerable life, I ſhall no longer wiſh to retain it, than if I may be any how the means of diſcovering your family, who, I am ſure from what I ſaw of the unhappy lady, are perſons of no mean rank.'

'And were there no pocket-books and memorandums?' ſaid Smith, eagerly.—'We deſtroyed every thing but the valuables, which were chiefly diamonds,' replied the other.—"Do no traces remain then," aſked our youth, "but this little ivory crucifix?" drawing it from his boſom, and informing the man how he came by it. "The fears of a diſcovery compelled me to burn every trifle belonging to the lady, even to her clothes, which my wife wiſhed to keep. The lady's wedding-ring indeed we could not get off, and as it was plain gold, we agreed to let it be buried with her.' The youth fetched a deep ſigh, deſpairing of ever gaining now any traces of his family. He enquired of the man what was become of his wife, and found ſhe was dead:—thus ended our hero's enquiries concerning his family.

With prosperous gales they soon arrived at the Cape. The Captain of the vessel was as good as his word to our hero, and besides promised him that the man, who was truly penitent, and whom he had taken into his own ship, should be at liberty to attend him to England, if he could be any service to him in discovering his family, and for the other fellow, Lowther, he himself would take good care that he should no longer be a nuisance to society.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

For who with traitors wou'd his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked heaven involve the just?
Though the deep villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

SWIFT.

OUR hero's old acquaintance, whom he had so lucklily rescued in the pirate, and whose name was Brown, again and again besought him to permit him to accompany him as a servant; and when Smith candidly told him his income was not sufficient to keep a regular servant, the poor fellow, who would not be refused, enlisted himself, in the same regiment, and Smith afterwards took him as his valet. A curious one indeed he was. A raw rough country fellow, lately metamorphosed into a sailor, and now on a sudden commenced soldier, could be but a very unhandy valet; yet his good-will made up for all deficiencies, and such was Brown's zeal, that his master was satisfied and well pleased, and himself perfectly happy in his new servitude. The arch villain Lowther was tried for piracy, and condemned to perpetual servitude; his accomplice, at the intercession of the captain of the frigate, was, on account of his contrition, permitted to enter in his ship.

Immediately after Smith's arrival at the Cape, he was tried by a court-martial for absence from his regiment, and was accordingly found guilty. As soon as the trial was over, he was suspended from his rank in the army, and was, for one day, committed into custody, and then brought up to receive the sentence of the court. The President now informed him, that by favour of the recommendatory, and more particularly, the exculpatory letters he had brought with him; his readiness to atone for his late absence, by joining the regiment; his good conduct before they left England; and his very gallant behaviour on board the ship, which the Captain had spoken of in the highest terms; for all these considerations, the Court had thought proper to remit any further punishment, and to reinstate him in that situation which he before enjoyed. "It is with the greatest pleasure," concluded the President, "I return you this sword, which you have already proved yourself so worthy of."

Thus was the unpleasant business happily ended. Our hero, beloved by the soldiers, and universally respected by the officers, enjoyed a satisfaction he had not experienced a long time before; and had not the idea of Lady Swain sometime crossed his mind, few young men had more reason to be so. His new servant daily gained ground in his favour; gratitude was the strong trait in Brown's character, which was soon heightened to the highest respect and esteem by the beaming virtues of his master. With indefatigable perseverance Smith applied himself to the duties of his profession, and he had scarcely been at Cape three months before he was rewarded with a company. The liveliness, the agreeable vivacity, the soul inspiring merriment, which once so brightly glowed through the youth, were now all calmed, and settled into a steadiness—an eager lust after employment, unusual to one of his years. Captain Smith rose very early, and when not occupied by the regiment, he shut himself in his room, and applied without intermission to his studies. His brother officers saw that a rooted melancholy had seized upon him, and after a few polite, though ineffectual attempts to detain him at the mess, they dropped the idea. Our hero, constantly civil, polite, and obliging to every one, daily gained ground in their good graces, and though he had few intimates, he possessed the esteem of the whole regiment. His natural animation and fire were hid, not smothered; and when called into action, he was like a lion, roused from his den, that rages with redoubled fury. Soon as the din of battle ceased, hushed were all his passions, and the disappointment of his grand hope pressed heavy upon his mind; conscious as he was every moment he reflected, that his own follies, his want of resolution to oppose the torrent of dissipation, had been his bane. But though Smith had thus become the victim of his vices, he did not weakly and foolishly, like too many young men, continue in the same bad course, and vainly try to get an antidote from the same; though he had sucked the poison of the world, he attempted not to make it his food. No—he saw his folly, he confessed he had acted wrong, and he nobly changed his conduct.

Captain Smith now frequently wrote, and received letters from Mr. Freeman. He had heard that the Duke's eldest son was no more, and that his friend Lord Edward was of course become Marquis of Derry. But this accession of honour and fortune, (for his brother's estate came with the title) had not at all diminished his love for the amiable Mary Rosier, and in Smith's last letter from Mr. Freeman, he received the pleasing intelligence that his Grace had consented to the match, and was greatly pleased with his new daughter. Captain Smith also received a letter from Sir Harry at Bengal, who purposed soon returning to England, and making some stay at the Cape in his way. He heard once from Wiffle, who had written him a most rediculous, though curious letter, in his usual stile. Wiffle, among a great many other things, sent him the issue of Marmaduke's trial for striking his servant.

Marmaduke, with the utmost confidence, came into court, boasting to every one he met his certainty of success. But the very methods he had taken to insure it were, by the finesse of the opposite party, turned against him.

He had employed an artful and cunning attorney; the man's character was bad and well known, and greatly injured his cause, particularly with the judge. The eminent counsel, willing to shew their abilities, had so bepuzzled a plain simple story, that the jury lost the truth in the clouds of metaphors and ornamental flourishes with which it was surrounded. The counsel, on the other side, by affected honesty, had greatly interested the jury, and the circumstantial tale of two witnesses completed the delusion. "I was in court," said Wiffle to our hero, (his letter is now before me, and I quote from his own words) 'and will give you a specimen of lawful ingenuity.'—, Gentlemen of the Jury,' said the servant's defender, 'the learned counsel, on the other side, whose great abilities nothing but the love of truth could induce me to oppose, have endeavoured to invalidate the testimony of the witnesses, by calling them common hackney coachmen. One of the witnesses, it is true, gentlemen, is employed by ano-

ther; there lies his misfortune, not his fault; but he, nevertheless, is a respectable and substantial householder, a citizen of the first city in the world, a citizen of London; an Englishman, born and bred; and what greater titles can any of us boast, gentlemen of the jury? The other, if it is necessary to mention it, is all this, and more—he drives his own coach. 'Tis true, the coach assists him in gaining an honest livelihood; so too does it many of us. Look at the physician, does he not for the same purpose drive his? I trust, if he laid down his coach, he would soon lose the means of driving. What gives agility to yonder dancing master? What makes the celebrity of his brethren, the fencer and the musician? Their coach, gentlemen, their coach; let them get rid of their coach, and they get rid of their pupils at the same time.—Don't be deceived, gentlemen of the jury, but trust to the plain matter of facts, and you will at once see the enormity, the infamy, the cruelty, alas! my blood runs cold while I speak it, the determined tyranny of this desperate young man, Mr. Marmaduke Pendragon. What! are servants—' here I was called out of court, and unluckily lost the rest of the orator's speech. I can only add, that it had such an effect upon the jury, together with the strong circumstances adduced on the trial, in which the *porter wench* was not forgoten, that damages were given to the amount of five hundred pounds, which, with costs of suit, &c. &c. &c. dipped very deep into another of our friend's thousands. I saw Marmaduke the day after the trial; 'Now, Wiffle,' said he, 'do you call this a fair court of justice that fines me so heavily for a trifling—' then puzzling for a word, happily for me he hit upon '—trifling *misdemeanour*.' 'Ah! Marmaduke,' I replied, 'you have been *mis-led* through the whole business. It was a *Miss* first drew you to the porter house, and it has all proved a *miss*. Had you not *mis*taken law for justice; had you not *mis*construed power for right, turned truth into a *mys*tery, and *mis*employed a cunning attorney and knowing advocates, you had probably avoided this *mis*hap. But you chose to attack your adversary with the same weapons; you made yourself a fellow *mis*creant; and thus *miss*ed your mark from beginning to end.'—'Well,' said he, quite indignantly, 'you give me puns, Mr. Wiffle, but no reasons. Justice, I say, has used me very ill.'—'I fear,' said I, 'she always will. You played her a very scurvy trick with your cunning attorney and your knowing counsel; she saw her greatest enemies were your supporters, and you must blame yourself for the consequences.'—Well, then,' continued Marmaduke, 'you won't allow I was ill used.'—'No,' I replied, 'you thought proper to deal with coin.' Wiffle concluded his letter, on a subject he rarely talked or thought of, his own affairs. He was solely dependant on the bounty of an uncle, who wished him to take orders, and promised to purchase him a good living the moment he was a priest. Wiffle felt himself unequal to the duties of the station, and, unwilling to enter into it, candidly told his uncle he would rather have a bare competency without *orders*, than a good living with them. The uncle was determined to make a divine of him, and so the affair at present rested.

I pass over the particulars of our hero's military conduct and success, through which he was appointed to places of trust and profit, and was able to remit to England the sums he owed there, as matter sufficient of a private nature, crowds upon me in the remainder of these papers, not to lengthen out my tale by public affairs.

The excellent behaviour of Sir Harry Valence also, in the East Indies, for the same cause I omit: and shall only remark, that about a year and a half after our hero left England, Sir Harry joined him at the Cape in his way home. He staid here three months, and his affairs particularly demanding his attendance in England, he was looking out for the first vessel, when the Governor, wishing to send over a person who would give the Ministry a clear and circumstantial account of our present situation in those parts, fixed upon our hero, as the most proper man for that purpose. The ship, which was appointed to carry our hero, was commanded by captain Clareden, who had lately arrived from the East Indies.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Yet think not that my muse forbids to love,
Such thoughts far distant from your bard remove.
The lonely maid is like the vine, that knows
No friendly elm with tendrils to enclose;
But creeps neglected.——

ARIOSTO, Book x.

THE time was arrived that was to waft our hero to his native country. Sir Harry wished to go with him, but felt a repugnance to ask any thing like a favour of Captain Clareden; but the friendly interference of Smith soon overcame all difficulties.

In the many obliging attentions, which it is in the power of a Captain of a ship to bestow upon his passengers, Captain Clareden was by no means remiss, and Sir Harry was quickly reconciled to his situation. But there was another cause which, before the end of the voyage, united these former rivals in the truest friendship. Captain Clareden had a sister, named Julia, who, at a very early age, was married, by her parents, to a gentleman of very large possessions in the East Indies; he returned to India immediately after his marriage, taking his young wife along with him, and purposing to stay there a few years to settle his affairs and remit his valuable property to England. About two years after his arrival in India, he died, and left the greater part of his property to his widow. Captain Clareden arrived at Madras a few months after Mr. Meyner's death, about the time his sister was preparing to return to England. Happy to be under the protection of a beloved brother, she accompanied him to the Cape, and willingly waited there till his frigate was ordered to England. Mrs. Meyner, married at seventeen to a man nearly fifty, who had been the greater part of his life in the East Indies, could not be supposed to have felt any grievous sorrow for his death. Sir Harry, who had long given over all thoughts of Miss Maitland, was struck with the beauty of the young widow. Whenever he spoke to the fair Julia, his features assumed their former fascinating vivacity; every cause of enmity with her brother was quite forgotten; and daily more and more satisfied with the sweetness of her disposition, he used his utmost endeavours to ingratiate himself into her favour. His endeavours proved successful, and before the end of the voyage, matters were so far adjusted, that they only waited their arrival in England to settle the business. His former love for Miss Maitland Sir Harry did not scruple to own, but declared he had given up all thoughts of that lady.—While I am on this subject, I will finish this part of my story, that it may not interrupt the history of our hero.—At the Land's End, Captain Clareden's vessel parted company with a merchantman that was going to Bristol, and our hero embraced the opportunity of sailing down the

Severn, and being landed close under the walks of St. Dona'ts Castle. With mutual professions of esteem and friendship the gentlemen parted; Captain Smith happy to see the successful attachment of his friend, accepted, with pleasure, the warm invitations of all to meet them in London.

Sir Harry, as soon as they arrived in England, accompanied Clareden and his sister to their father's seat in Berkshire, and there received the hand of the lovely young widow. The new-married couple proceeded directly to Sir Harry's house in town; and Captain Clareden promised to join them on the following week.

'I have great news to tell you, Clareden,' said Sir Harry to him, as soon as he arrived; 'that excellent young lady, Miss Maitland, by the death of her uncle and his son, is come to the title and family fortune. She is now Countess of Roxborough in her own right. We had the pleasure of meeting her yesterday accidentally, with the sister of her mother, (whom she has nobly provided for) at Julia's aunt's,' Captain Clareden was so amazed he could make no answer. 'I assure you, brother,' said lady Valence, 'she looked more beautiful than ever.'—'And enquired,' continued the husband, 'after you. I embraced the opportunity,—my dear Julia and your aunt were present,—to again solicit my pardon, which she not only graciously accorded, but promised us the favour of a visit this morning.' Captain Clareden, who at the commencement of Sir Harry's speech was sufficiently alarmed, could not now conceal his agitation. 'Indeed my dear friends,' said he, 'I must begone then. There can be no hopes for me,—and the sight of Miss——, I mean of the Countess of Roxborough, will but renew the old flame. Well, God bless you! good morning to you. You shall see me at dinner.'—'Upon my life, Clareden,' said Sir Harry, laughing, 'you shan't be so rude. I have——' At that moment a loud rap announced the young Countess. Need I describe the manly perturbation of the amorous sailor—need I conceal the pleasing surprise of the fair Countess? She affectionately held out her hand to him; called him by the endearing name of her friend, and congratulated him on his happy return. Captain Clareden was in ratures; he had never, in her former poverty, been treated with half the familiarity, and only the knowledge of her high rank prevented his falling on his knee, and once more declaring that he loved none but her. Sir Harry, who wished to bring things to an ecclaircissement, walked with his lady out of the room; and captain Clareden had scarcely expressed the pleasure he received in her happiness, frequently interrupted by the respectful diffidence of love, before the Countess thus addressed him—"I have not the smallest doubt, Captain Chareden, of the satisfaction you have in my present prosperity; nor shall I ever forget the generous offers you made me, when my situation was so very inferior. I was then unwilling to damp your rising hopes by my poverty; but now——;" the lady hesitated, the joyful sailor spared any further explanation. "And will you then, ever beloved of my soul, will you now flatter my presumption, if I still aspire to this hand? Will the Countess——?"

"Every obstacle is now removed, Captain Clereden, and as I prefer you to all others, and find your esteem for me still the same, no foolish modesty shall prevent my owning it." It is difficult for words to declare the transport of this deserving young man!—I shall only say, that he was married to the Countess in less than a month.

Large was the fortune of the countess of Roxborough; greater was her birth; still more conspicuous was her beauty; but her goodness far surpassed them all! long may the bless the generous sailor; noble and due rewards for his love, his constancy, and his virtue.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
Stands the old castle. UNKNOWN.

'TWAS night ere the vessel, which bore the young soldier, reached the Cambrian shore, while the pale brightness of the moon softened the well-known scene around him.

When our hero came opposite the rocky cliffs of St. Donats, unusual rapture glowed through his whole frame. The beloved spot of his youth recalled the pure and innocent pleasures of that happy period, when, free from the cares of the great world, he imbibed the pure dictates of virtue from the mouth of Mr. Freeman—Mr. Freeman his more than father, who had formed his unstamped mind, and who had afterwards snached him from the precipice of destruction. The remembrance of that gloomy deed, which he had once impiously dared to plan, and almost to perpetrate, never failed to fill his whole soul with religinus awe and gratitude. He thought of it as he descended from the side of the boat, which the captain of the merchantman had sent to conduct him and his trusty servant to the shore; and he breathed a fervent, though silent, prayer of thanks as he stepped his foot upon the ground. With his mind filled with no unpleasant thought, he leisurely ascended the hill towards the castle. His more heavy baggage he left at a fisherman's hut upon the beach, and the faithful Brown, walking by his side, carried a small portmanteau. All was still around; not a leaf stirred, not a cloud was to be seen; the soft murmuring of the waves but more strongly marked the general silence, and the placid mistress of the night seemed to personify the calm. On a sudden a footstep caught our hero's attention. "Brown!" said he, "stay! see! 'tis the Spectre of the Well." Good Lord, deliver me!" repeated his terrified companion, as he dropped the portmanteau, and instinctively grasped his sword. The figure seemed to hear the ejaculation, and, perceiving the strangers, quickened its pace. Our youth, who was at no great distance from it, clearly saw a bloody bandage, which entwined the temples, and which the moon made plainly visible. "If thou art a spirit of the other world,' said he, 'in the name of that Almighty Deity, whom ye all obey, say who thou art, and why thus restless thou frequentest these paths?' The spectre had now reach'd the neighbouring bushes that surrounded the well, and turning to the voice, in a slow, clear, hollow tone, said, "I am the rightful Lord of these domains; I injure no one, and seek but a small portion of that which is my own." Instantly it vanished through the shades, and left our hero more amazed than ever.

(To be continued.)

The MISER'S FEAST.

His chimney smokes—it is some omen dire!
His neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out fire!

[*Continued from the following page.*]

" Dear William, you !—return'd, and well !
" I've wak'd and wept—but why, ah ! tell,
" So late—at night you come ?"

" At midnight only dare we roam,
" For thee from Prague, though late, I come."
" For me !—ſtay here and reſt ;
" The wild winds whiſtle o'er the waſte,
" Ah, dear William ! why ſuch haſte ?
" Firſt warm thee in my breaſt."

" Let the winds whiſtle o'er the waſte,
" My duty bids me be in haſte ;
" Quick, mount upon my ſteed :
" Let the winds whiſtle far and wide,
" Ere morn, two hundred leagues we'll ride,
" To reach our marriage bed."

" What, William ! for a bridal room,
" Travel to night ſo far from home ?"
" Leonora, 'tis decreed.
" Look round thee, love, the moon ſhines clear,
" The dead ride ſwiftly ; never fear,
" We'll reach our marriage bed."

" Ah, William ! whither woul'ſt thou ſpeed,
" What ! where ! this diſtant marriage bed ?"
" Leonora, no delay.
" 'Tis far from hence ; ſtill—cold—and ſmall :
" Six planks, no more, compoſe it all ;
" Our gueſts await, away !"

She lightly on the courſer ſprung,
And her white arms round William flung,
Like to a lily wreath.
In ſwifteſt gallop off they go,
The ſtones and ſparks around them throw,
And pant the way for breath.

The objects fly on every ſide,
The bridges thunder as they ride ;
" Art thou my love afraid ?
" Death ſwiftly rides, the moon ſhines clear,
" The dead doth Leonora fear ?
" Ah, no ! why name the dead ?"

Hark ! as their rapid courſe they urge,
A paſſing bell, and ſolemn dirge ;
Hoarſe ravens join the ſtrain.
They ſee a coffin on a beir,
A prieſt and mourners too appear,
Slow moving o'er the plain.

And ſad was heard the funeral lay ;
" What the Lord gives, he takes away ;
" Life's but a fleeting ſhade.
" A tale that's told,—a flower that falls ;
" Death, when the leaſt expected, calls,
" And bears us to his bed."

" Forbear ;"—imperious William cry'd
" I carry home, a beauteous bride,
" Come, to our marriage feaſt ;
" Mourners, away, we want your ſong ;
" And as we ſwiftly haſte along,
" Give us your bleſſing, prieſt.

" Sing on, that life is like a ſhade
" A tale that's told, or flowers which fade :
" Such ſtrains will yield delight.
" And, when we to our chamber go.
" Bury your dead, with wail and woe ;
" The ſervice ſuits the night."

While William ſpeaks, they ſilent ſtand,
Then run obedient to command,
But, on with furious bound,
The foaming courſer forward flew,
Fire and ſtones his heels purſue,
Like whirlwinds daſh'd around.

On right and left, on left and right,
Trees, hills, and towns flew paſt their ſight,
As on they breathleſs preſt ;
" With the bright moon, like death we ſpeed,
" Doth Leonora fear the dead ?"
Ah ! leave the dead at reſt."

Behold, where in the moon's pale beam,
As wheels and gibbets faintly gleam,
Join'd hand in hand, a crowd
Of imps and ſpectres hover nigh,
Or round a waſted wretch they fly,
When William calls aloud :

" Hither, ye airy rabble, come,
" And follow till I reach my home ;
" We want a marriage dance."
As when the leaves on wither'd trees,
Are ruſtled by an edying breeze,
The muttering ſprites advance.

But, ſoon with hurried ſteps, the crew
Ruſh'd prattling on, for William flew,
Claſp'd by the frighted fair :
Swifter than ſhafts, or than the wind,
While ſtruck from earth fire flaſh'd behind,
Like lightnings through the air.

[*To be continued.*]

LEONORA.

A Tale, from the German.

" A H, William! art thou falſe or dead?
Cried Leonora from her bed.
" I dreamt thou'dſt ne'er return."
William had fought in Frederick's hoſt
At Prague, but what his fate—if loſt
Or ſafe, ſhe could not learn.
Hungaria's Queen, and Pruſſia's King,
Wearied, at length with bickering,
Reſolv'd to end the ſtrife;
And homewards, then, their ſeparate routs
The armies took, with ſongs and ſhouts,
With cymbals, drum and fife.
As deck'd with boughs they march'd along,
From every door, the old and young
Ruſh'd forth the troops to greet.
" Thank God," each child and parent cry'd,
And " welcome, welcome," many a bride,
As friends long parted meet.
They joy'd, poor Leonora griev'd:
No kiſs ſhe gave, no kiſs receiv'd;
Of William none could tell;
She rung her hands, and tore her hair;
Till left alone in deep deſpair,
Bereft of ſenſe ſhe fell.
Swift to her aid, her mother came,
" Ah! ſay," ſhe cried, " in mercy's name,
" What means this frantic grief?"
" Mother, 'tis paſt—all hopes are fled,
" God hath no mercy, William's dead,
" My woe is paſt relief.
" Pardon, O pardon, Lord above!
" My child, with pray'rs invoke his love,
" The Almighty never errs?"
" O, mother! mother! idle prate,
" Can he be anxious for my fate,
" Who never heard my prayers?
" Be patient child, in God believe,
" The good he can, and will relieve,
" To truſt his power endeavour."
O, mother! mother! all is vain,
" What truſt can bring to life again?
" The paſt, is paſt for ever.
" Who knows, but that he yet ſurvives;
" Perchance, far off from hence he lives,
" And thinks no more of you.
" Forget, forget, the faithleſs youth,
" Away with grief, your ſorrow ſoothe,
" Since William proves untrue."
" Mother, all hope has fled my mind,
" The paſt, is paſt, our God's unkind;
" Why did he give me breath?
" Oh! that this hated loathſome light
" Would fade for ever from my ſight,
" Come, death, come, welcome death!"
" Indulgent Father, ſpare my child,
" Her agony hath made her wild,
" She knows not what ſhe does.
" Daughter, forget thy earthly love,
" Look up to him who reigns above,
" Where joys ſucceed to woes."
" Mother what now are joys to me?
" With William, Hell a Heaven could be,
" Without him, Heaven a Hell.
" Fade, fade away, thou hated light,
" Death bear me hence to endleſs night,
" With love all hope farewell."
Thus raſhly, Leonora ſtrove
To doubt the truth of heavenly love.
She wept, and beat her breaſt;
She pray'd for death, until the moon
With all the ſtars with ſilence ſhone,
And ſooth'd the world to reſt.
When, hark! without, what ſudden ſound!
She hears a trampling o'er the ground,
Some horſeman muſt be near!
He ſtops, he rings, Hark! as the noiſe
Dies ſoft away, a well-known voice
Thus greets her liſt'ning ear.
" Wake, Leonora;—doſt thou ſleep,
" Or thoughtleſs laugh, or conſtant weep,
" Is William welcome home?"

[*Continued in page* 279.]

Printed by J. B. COLVIN, *at* W. PECHIN's Printing-Office, *the* corner *of* Gay & Water-ſtreets—*where* Subscriptions *for this* Magazine *are received at* THREE Dollars *per annum.*—*PRINTING of all kinds executed with neatness, elegance and dispatch—and on the* most *moderate terms.*